

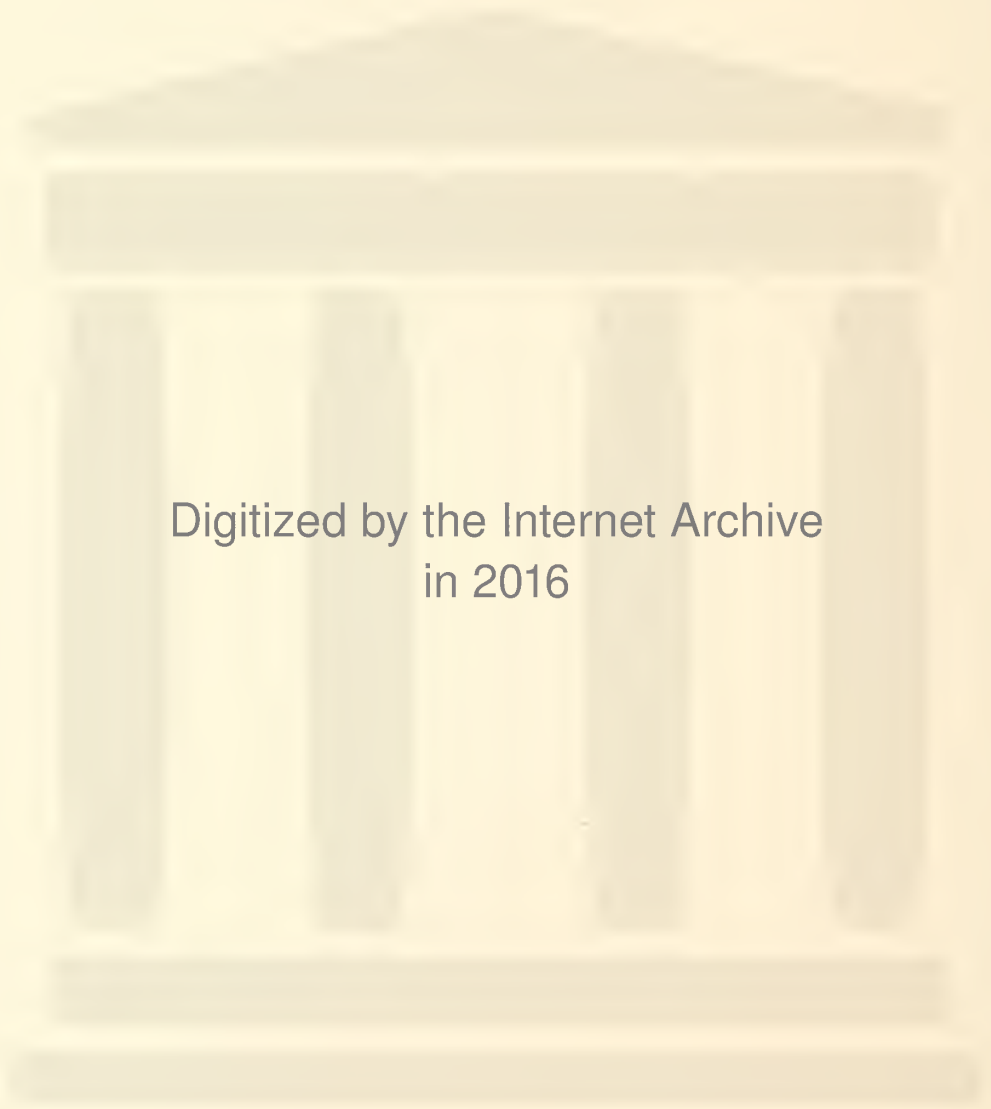
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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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EDITORIAL.

THIS issue of THE BURR comes out several days late, on account of the Easter holidays. Hereafter the magazine will appear as usual on every alternate Saturday.

THE *Brunonian* of April 13th contains an editorial in regard to the similarity of our colors. It is of course deplorable, that colleges so near together should have much the same combination, but how can it be helped? The time has passed for changes in that direction. New colors would mean, that much of our verse would be without point, some of our best songs worthless, and worst of all, they would destroy the host of memories that every Lehigh man associates with the dear old Brown and White. It is hard to conceive of the cry, that would go up from our Alumni. Men, whose happiest day was, perhaps, that on which they wore for the first time the white "L" against the brown background; men, who have worn the colors on many a hard-fought battlefield, until they have come to regard them as the insignia of victory, would never consent to see them become a thing of the past. So, regretting the unfortunate likeness, we will have to bear in mind the old saying: "What cannot be cured, must be endured."

IN our last issue appeared an article headed "The Presidents of Lehigh." We have since learned that several statements in it are

incorrect. The piece opens in this way: "The term of office for a president of Lehigh is, according to the rule, only five years. At the expiration of this time the president must tender his resignation to the Trustees." Later on it continues in the following manner: "The salary connected with the office is \$8000 per annum, with the privilege of using the President's House on the Campus." Both of the above are, we regret to say, unfounded. At the time we believed our information authentic; we have since discovered its inaccuracy, and we wish to make the correction. The article goes on to say that "Numerous names have been mentioned, as those of people who had been asked to take the place," then enumerates several. This is misleading, inasmuch as it leads one to believe the persons mentioned have been asked to take the place, whereas they have not, their names being mentioned only as likely candidates.

THE Mustard and Cheese has added another successful performance to its list. The house was crowded, and it is gratifying to note that the balcony was filled with the best men of the College, entirely eliminating that tough element, which not infrequently has its headquarters there.

The members of the Club deserve great commendation, for it was no light labor to make ready a play of that sort, and we hope

that they will get it. The cast was larger and the costumes more elaborate than ever before. Judging from the result, the hiring of a trainer was a step in the right direction.

We see no reason why the Mustard and Cheese performance should not be made a sort of reunion for our Alumni. This year there was a gathering of the old members of the Club. Why not extend this to the entire College? In order to do this, the date would have to be announced early in the year, to give the men time to make their arrangements for their return. The managers of the different teams could adjust matters so as to have one of the important games played in the afternoon. Thus we would have a double attraction, and the day would become one of the gala ones of the year.

ON Saturday our base-ball team meets for the first time the strong Lafayette aggregation. Of the strength of this team there can be no doubt, taking the games as a criterion, they have in every case made a better showing than we. This is, undoubtedly, owing to the number of changes that have been made in our team in order to find a winning combination. A man can not play left field one day, first base the next, and make a good showing at both positions. We have had several weeks of practice, and it is time for the final team to be picked. This is only common justice to the men themselves.

Last fall we lost the first foot-ball game through over-confidence, and care should be taken that the same mistake does not occur this spring. A sort of contempt exists for Lafayette's prowess in Athletics, which, as far as we can see, is without foundation. This same contempt has lost many a game for us, and another should not be added to the number.

The interest in base-ball has never been as active as it is at present, the number of men

trying has never been so large, and everything points to a successful season. With the strong team we have and McClung's able coaching, there is no reason why victory should not be with us on the 27th.

THE French Revolution was preceded by a period of unrest. During it, church tithes were left unpaid, old obligations were forgotten, religious observances scoffed at, and worst of all the government became rotten to the core. Into this seething caldron of disorder, Voltaire and Rousseau emptied their theories, theories as startling as they were new, and their action was immediate; they but gave utterance to what the people had been thinking, but had not been able to find words to say. Men must have felt that some change was imminent, but few or none at all dreamt of the horrors of the Revolution.

We have reached the end of the next century, and the air is full of changes and speculations, as to our position at the end of the next score of years. Religion lacks the hold it once had; the country is burdened with literature advocating apparently nonsensical ideas. It lacks the quality of Voltaire's writing, but makes up for it in quantity. No book has ever yet been printed, that has not had its effect, and this mass from mere quantity, if nothing else, must be very decided in its influence. Our theaters are filled with plays, that scoff at goodness and make a parody of virtue. On the stage the cynic, who believes in nothing, is the most popular man. We flock to see these pieces and come away saying: "Well! that represents the tendency of the age." God pity the age.

The years before the overthrow of the French throne were much like our present ones. Who can say that these *tendencies* are not the sign-boards of Fate pointing to a change in the near future? Let us hope that, if they are, it will not be as far-reaching and as terrible as the French Revolution.



DR. THOMAS T. DROWN.

THE VAN VLIETS OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

THE office of the *Post-Intelligencer* was rather quieter than usual for some reason, and gave but a meager hint of the bustling activity it took on at times, as for instance, on the night of a general election, or just before the rendering of a verdict in a big murder case, when the presses but waited for the "guilty" or "not guilty" to begin reeling off their myriad 'extra's.'

"The boys are reporting late tonight," remarked Benjamin Lord to himself as he sat in the little office which belonged to him by virtue of his position as city editor. If he had cared very much he would doubtless have prefaced his observation with a few well selected words of the class not used in the *salon*. Carelessly he ran his hand through a pile of proofs, and selecting one began reading it over, at the same time pushing bell No. 4. Joe, the favorite office boy, repended to the call with the celerity which made him stand head and shoulders above the other devils in the estimation of the staff.

"Joseph, my boy, tell Mr. Vickers, that I want to see him." This was said without any peculiar emphasis, and yet as the champion feather-weight of the Eighth Ward walked away towards the reporters' rooms, he whispered to one of his companions, "Dere's somethin' up, I tell's you! De boss has sint for

Vickers, de gent what wears de dude clothes."

While one would not expect the rank and file office boy to detect it there was something out of the ordinary in this message. At that hour of the night Mr. Lord's assistant was in charge of the office, and it was not considered journalistic etiquette for Lord to have anything to say to the men on his staff except through his assistant. Vickers, whom the city editor wanted to see, had been at his desk all evening. In fact, he had spent a good many evenings of late in the same place. It worried him a good deal for he felt that he might have missed his calling, that perhaps this year spent in newspaper work had been thrown away, and that he would have done better had he elected some other profession on the day he graduated from college. While the work he did do was important, he could see that he was kept nowhere near as busy as were his companions. Then he began going over the evidence he had which supported him in this belief. "Why, I saw several things on the assignment book tonight which were not covered at all, that G. A. R. camp-fire, for instance. Has the old man forgotten me or am I worthless at this business? My salary is too big to make it pay for them to let me go idle. Maybe they want me to resign. Twenty-eight years? That isn't too old to

make a change. But I don't want to leave the boys. I don't want to give up my future. And what will the family say? They already look upon me as a veritable editor-in-chief. But I guess I had better do it and do it quickly; yes, yes—what's that Joe? what's that? Mr. Lord wants to see me? Umph! Wish I had come to my conclusion five minutes sooner. Now I *am* gone and because I could not help it." With this forlorn thought Vickers walked meekly over to the sanctum sanctorum.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Vickers. Good evening, Mr. Vickers. Sit down, take a chair, through in a minute." All this was said by the city editor without ever taking his eyes off the proof which he was scanning. Vickers rather than encouraged by the cheerful tones of his superior officer, immediately thought that this cordial reception was but paving the way for something very disagreeable, which the kindly heart of the chief made difficult to utter. At last handing a great handful of damp proofs to a waiting boy, Mr. Lord began:—

"Mr. Vickers, for some time it has seemed to me that you are not exactly fitted for the humdrum of newspaper life." Vickers' blood ran cold, then lukewarm, then hot. "I have taken a great interest in your work. You are thoroughly conscientious in your endeavors, and you have been anything but a disturbing element in this office. But still I think your own good as well as the interests of this paper demand a change." Poor Vickers felt that he must take a stand. "I have felt this, sir, myself," he began, but he was not heard. "I wanted to talk to you tonight," continued Lord, "while the office is quiet. While you have given fair satisfaction in this routine work, I think you can do better in something in which you can take a more genuine interest. You know the novelty is bound to wear off, and then you will begin to look toward the future." Vickers' eyes wandered wildly about the room, and when they found the open door he made an involuntary

movement toward it. But the kindly voice of the speaker made him stand fire like a veteran. "Now, as I say, I have taken a great interest in you, and I perhaps would have found it hard to say this to you if it had not been that I felt sure you would agree with me, and what is perhaps more pertinent, have something which I consider more in your line to offer you. Perhaps it will not suit your fancy at first, and doubtless you will not think yourself equal to it. But I feel sure that if you go into it you will bring it to a successful end if anybody can. Although not born in the city you have a wide acquaintance here, I know, and in your club life you are brought into contact with just the sort of people that will be useful in this work. All you want is an introduction into political circles and you will be fully armed for the fray.

"Now, in a few words, this is my scheme. As you know the Suburban Electric Company is doing its best to run a line from Fourteenth and St. Paul Streets, down St. Paul to the city limits, and thence out through Logan, Balston, and the other swell suburbs along the route to River View, and to put a capstone to their greed want to erect a half-way station on the Van Vliet estate at Snowden Heights. Of course if they get the land condemned which they want for station purposes, it won't be long before the old place will be turned into a beer garden or a circus ground. Now I come to the point. We are informed that the *News* and the *Post* have already been fixed by the company, and judging from the tone of their editorials I should say they have been. The real fight is not on as yet and will not be for some weeks. But we want to be ready to jump right in when the first gun is fired. The people out that way use our advertising columns and are staunch friends. And anyhow, leaving all that out of the question, it does seem a pity to force on those old Dutch families something they don't want. Why, it will ruin the finest line of suburban homes to be found anywhere in this state. It will drive ancient and honorable

families from the localities which they have practically owned for two centuries. Imagine the old Van Vliet place transformed into a pleasure ground for anybody who wants to pay the five cents necessary to get there. Well, I won't go any further into the details. All I want to say now is that the *Intelligencer* is going to fight against the aldermen granting this right of way. We want you to get to know these people on both sides. You already know nearly all the residents out there. Cultivate them, find out how the land lies, just which of the places will be most damaged, find out from your friends out there how they think we had best fight it. In fact, get possession of every detail which may be useful to you later on. Then, on the other hand, pick out the aldermen with whom you have the greatest influence and get them over to our side. Make them see the injustice of it, make them feel how much the city owes to these families. I think that is all that is necessary for me to tell you. Just report to me again in two weeks. You are no longer subject to other assignments, you are on special duty. Good night!"

Perhaps Vickers did utter a weak "thank you." If he did, Lord never heard it. The city editor a moment later was reading a fresh batch of proofs and Vickers was again in his cubbyhole, now transformed into a seventh heaven. He cocked his feet on his desk and blew such clouds of smoke up over the partition that Mary, the buxom apple-woman, who was passing through this room half made up her mind to call "fire." Only one year on the paper and on special duty.

About noon the next day Vickers was shown into the private office of H. A. Van Vliet, an attorney, who did business in the De Peyster Building. As he entered the handsome old barrister jumped to his feet with the vim of a four-year-old and grasped his hand. "Why, how are you, Vickers?" he asked. "Why haven't you been out to see me? You know you said you would. But I guess you

young men think gray hairs such as I have, make one forgetful. Well, never mind, you must come out with me to lunch. How is your father? I haven't seen him for ten years. We used to be great friends." Vickers knew that he would be kindly received, but he was not prepared for this gushing hospitality. At last he succeeded in showing Van Vliet that he had a special object in his visit. He went over just about what he had heard the evening before, except that he intentionally left out any mention of the *Intelligencer's* rivals, the *News* and the *Post*. Mr. Van Vliet was delighted in finding such an able champion as the *Intelligencer*, he promised Vickers every assistance in his power and, when finally told that the proposed luncheon did not tally with Vickers' plans for the day, absolutely refused to hear of anything but that Vickers must go out to Sleepy Hollow, his country place, for dinner. And as the door was closing behind our young scribe he called out "Don't forget! come at six, and we will take a walk over the place before dinner. You must stay all night and come in with me in the morning." Vickers thanked him and was off.

When Vickers got off the train at Snowden Heights that afternoon the Van Vliet's coachman was there to meet him with the depot cart and away they spun over the hard country roads to Sleepy Hollow. Van Vliet himself was sitting out on the veranda as the gig drove up. "Well, I am glad to see you," he said, laying down his book. "I didn't think you would fool me this time. Come right in. I think we have time to take a little ride before dinner. William, oh William," he called. "Here you are. Just take Mr. Vickers' things out of the cart and show him to his rooms. Fit him out with a pair of riding breeches. The horses will be here in a few minutes, so don't waste any time."

Vickers long remembered that ride. It was one of those glorious spring afternoons when the veriest croaker considers it a privilege to be alive, to say nothing of cantering through

magnificent rural scenery on the back of a thoroughbred. Mr. Van Vliet and his guest before they returned made a tour of all the houses in the vicinity. The business most on Vickers' mind was never mentioned. But everywhere the two were received with what is known as Southern hospitality, the elder as a friend, the younger as the guest of a friend. The trip gave Vickers the strongest possible impression of just what the expression "the old Dutch families" meant. If he had entered the arena as a journalist, he was in it now because his sympathies had been enlisted. At the dinner table he met his hostess and her daughter. By the time the evening was over and the ladies had retired, Vickers felt as if he knew the family pretty well. And, as he sat drinking a "night cap," consisting of half beer and half soda, he thought of how he would write to his father about his old friend, and his good wife, and he could see no possible impropriety in transmitting a line or two about their daughter. When he left Van Vliet in town the next morning he had promised to return again before seven days had passed. The intervening week was one filled with the hardest kind of work. He looked up people whom he had neglected for months. He explained many broken engagements and smoothed over many a grievance which the people of the town had against him in consequence of his poor return for the cordial reception which he received from everybody when he had first gone to X——. In addition to all this he laid the foundation of a fuller acquaintance with the politicians. For after all was said and done he knew that the success of his undertaking lay largely, if not entirely, with them. Silas Weidner, who represented the Fourteenth Ward, he knew. He had once obtained a position for one of Weidner's ward heelers. So he looked his old acquaintance up, talked religion and politics with him, and then added that if Weidner had any good men for whom he wanted work to

just send them to him that he had been holding back several choice things, thinking that Weidner might want them. John Grey, who looked after the interests in the select chamber of a ward in the other end of town, had had trouble with Sam Jones, one of his lieutenants. A breach in the party ranks was threatened. As it happened, Vickers knew the lieutenant well and soon got a promise from him that he would do his master's bidding at the next election in case Vickers would use his influence to get the patronage of the Charity Hospital for his grocery store. And in this way he kept on winning votes to his side. Of course nothing was said at this time about the railroad franchise. On the sixth day our lobbyist was again on the veranda at Sleepy Hollow. He had gone out early and found that Van Vliet had not returned from his office. The cordiality of his reception was none the less, however, than on the first visit. Mrs. Van Vliet, Alice, her daughter, and Vickers had been chatting for a few moments when a natty looking buckboard drove up in front of the house, and Miss Van Vliet said that she was going to meet her father at the station, and wouldn't Mr. Vickers like to see something more of the country. Vickers had been wondering whether it was not his duty to the *Intelligencer* to ask Miss Van Vliet to take him a walk over the place so that he could acquaint himself more thoroughly with its features. But the drive was better yet. In some way the conversation drifted to the history of the county and the genealogy of the present inhabitants. Miss Van Vliet gave him a long dissertation upon her great grandmother, nee Alice De Peyster. She spoke of what a handsome damsel she had been, what a fearless horsewoman, tireless dancer, and general favorite she had been. Vickers thought to himself that all she said of the first Alice was reproduced in the woman before him. He made several fruitless efforts to tell her so, but she apparently did not hear him. Before they reached the station he had

resolved that it was due to the memory of Alice de Peyster that he should redouble his efforts to defeat the brutal railroad scheme.

The evening was whiled away as pleasantly as the previous one had been, and Vickers was again in the city adding strand after strand to the noose with which he hoped to strangle the greedy corporation. At last the time for active warfare began. The *News* and the *Post* came out with great leaders on the prosperity of the city, and cited as an instance of it, the proposed new railroad, a scheme which in their respective opinions merited the hearty endorsement of every loyal citizen. The next morning Vickers fired the first shot from the editorial columns of the *Intelligencer*. Day in and day out he followed it up with matter intended to arouse interest in the preservation of the old Dutch landmarks. He published every tradition which the county held dear. He wrote strong articles on the financial side of the question in which he showed that the road could not pay. Alice read these and thought them fine, although she did not know the difference between stock and bonds. After each article appeared Vickers felt a strong inclination to go out somewhere in the county to get inspiration for the next. And very often the inclination turned into resolution and he went, and invariably he went to the Van Vliet's, although he knew dozens of other places which were more accessible and where he was just as welcome. Sometimes Vickers and the head of the house would be closeted for hours at a time, but more frequently he preferred to talk over the situation with Alice. Because, as he explained it to himself, "she knows so much more about Alice de Peyster, and it is about her times, her ways, her history, that the people are interested." During these talks Alice would detail all the fine things she had heard people in the country say about the articles in the *Intelligencer*, and what was vastly more interesting to Vickers how much her own father thought of them. Then from the railroad franchise the conversation would drift to other

things. Schemes for hunting the fox, schemes for theater parties, schemes for things great and small were made in those walks over the ancestral estates of C—— County. But invariably Alice would end up with a "well, we can do that better after the vote." Vickers did not always yield a willing assent but it all resulted in his determining with more fervor than ever that the vote should go his way. The people in the town did not know that Vickers was the author of what became known as "the railroad franchise articles," but the articles themselves were quoted everywhere, and the writer was looked upon as *the* journalist of the day. Finally the time for the meeting of the Aldermen had arrived. The *News* and *Post* on one side and the *Intelligencer* on the other, grew more vehement. For a week Vickers had not left the city. He had written to Alice several times, however, within that period, to ask for certain bits of information which he thought necessary. She in turn had answered these inquiries in the kindest way, and had added that she hoped that Mr. Vickers would take care of his health, and that the strain would not prove too much for him. In fact, Alice felt very grateful for all that he had done for them, and she hoped she could repay him some day. She had even gone so far as to wonder how she could do it. But everything in the form of an entertainment seemed too trifling. "Oh well, we will settle that after the vote."

About a week before the great day, Lord left the city, to be gone several weeks. He told Vickers, before his departure, that in case he wanted any advice to see Porter in the business office, and that he should take instructions from no one but Porter. This was Vickers' first experience with the business office. He rather dreaded the innovation, as he was afraid he would not be able to get along with the people down there, as well as he had with those upstairs. A day or two later he found in his box a short note from Porter, telling him to be careful in his remarks in the paper, and not to

attack the men back of the railroad. This was disappointing, as Vickers had in reserve several choice bits about the president of the Company, which rather reflected on him as a businessman. Still he was able to give his stories a very decided tone. He counted his faces on the morning of the day before the fight and saw that everything was safe. There were several, in fact half a dozen votes, which were weak enough to shift without much reason, but with the *Intelligencer* to back them up, Vickers considered them as good as any of the others. He had already prepared an editorial and a news story for the paper which were to appear on the day of the fight. He had even written the head-line for the latter. The top line consisted of the word "VICTORY" spelt out in bold type. He had written both articles so that they could be used in the speeches in the Council Chambers in the arguments against granting the franchise. He had already appointed the men who were to lead his forces, he had written his last articles, and, about noon of the day before, he decided that his work was done.

He sat in his private office, which had been given him since his going on special duty, wondering whether a trip to the country would not be the very best thing he could do. He wanted an opportunity of telling Van Vliet that everything was favorable. Just then Porter came in, and said, in a calm, matter-of-fact way, that Lyons, the Paris correspondent, had been granted a four months' furlough, and that, since Vickers' work in the city had been brought to a close, it had been decided that he should take Lyons' place. He was, Porter said, to take the boat in New York on the day after the vote, and to that end must leave X—that night. Vickers was told that he would find his expenses for the trip in the business office and his instructions awaiting him in Paris. Eighteen months on the paper, and Paris correspondent!

Of course the first thought was of saying good-bye to Van Vliet and his family. But,

when he came to figure up the time at his disposal, he saw that such a thing was clearly impossible. It was a bitter disappointment, but he cheered himself with the idea of the fine letters he would get from them in Paris, congratulating him on the victory. Then four months, amid new scenes and work, would go by quickly. He would bring them all elegant and appropriate presents from Paris, and he thought that they might be even kinder to him after his long absence than before. Then he wrote Alice a note, at the close of which he put his Paris address.

He slept on the boat the night before sailing, and when he awoke, the sand dunes of Long Island were just visible above the horizon. The purser, knowing who he was, handed him at the breakfast table, a copy of the *Intelligencer* for the day before, which had arrived just before the boat left her dock. He looked for the word "Victory" and it was not there. In fact, there was nothing on the first page about the great struggle. Neither was there an editorial on the subject. At last he unearthed about a half-column, about the discussion, on one of the advertisement sheets. It was written in a tone conciliatory to both parties, but it gave the impression that the fight was lost, and that the last chance of defeating the railroad had vanished. Vickers left the table in a hurry. Everyone winked to everyone else, as much as to say, "No sailor that! hardly out of the narrows and sick." Vickers did not care what they or anyone else said. He went to his state room and bitterly reproached himself with having left his post. He should have stayed, he thought then, at any cost.

When he reached Paris he heard the news of the granting of the franchise. He found a telegram from Porter saying that new factors had been introduced into the situation which it was impossible to successfully encounter at so late a moment, and that the *Intelligencer*, rather than suffer defeat, had swung around. He could not understand it all, but supposed he would when his first letters from the Van

Vliets arrived. He immediately entered on his new work but was continually worried about the non arrival of certain letters from the States. His father wrote him of a hurried visit to the Van Vliets. He said that Miss Van Vliet had wanted to be remembered to him, but that when he had mentioned his name to her father the latter had said nothing. He added that Mr. Van Vliet had aged rapidly since the passage of the bill, and had lost interest in nearly everything. Four months went by and Vickers received instructions to remain in Paris for four more months. He heard that the "old Dutch families" had carried the case to the Supreme Court but that there was not much hope of their being able to get the franchise annulled. In all this time he had not had a line from any one in the county. He imagined everything but was too proud to venture any inquiries, as he thought they might have looked upon him as a party to what seemed like the rankest treachery on the part of the *Intelligencer*. One morning he received word that his father had died, without having had any previous knowledge of his illness. He sent word to Sands in London to look after the Paris office, and caught the next boat. He was busy trying to straighten out his father's affairs, and had not been three days at home when he received a telegram signed Alice Van Vliet, in which she said simply, "Father is ill and wants to see you." Two days and one night elapsed before he reached Snowden Heights, but George was there to meet him as of old. Alice was on the veranda when Vickers drove up. She looked pale and tired, but was just as cordial as ever. "We are so glad to see you back, Mr. Vickers. You have been away quite awhile. You know father has never been well since that day. But some of the gentlemen were in to call on him a few nights ago and ever since he has wanted to see you. We did not know that you were in this country until just before I sent you the message. Father is delirious at times and then he calls out 'Harold, poor

Harold.' I think you had better go right up. You will find mother there, she will be glad to see you, too." Vickers did not know what to make of it all. He stood by the sick-bed for several minutes simply holding the old man's hand. Finally Mr. Van Vliet broke the silence:—

"Vickers, you have been wronged, and I feared I would never be able to make reparation to you on this earth. We have discovered the foulest case of bribery ever committed in this State in connection with the franchise fight. That man Porter, who gave you your orders at the last, is a knave and scoundrel, and is to be arrested today. Although I never thought that you had benefitted financially by the deal, I was forced to think that your absenting yourself from this country showed that you were cognizant of what was going on. I have never talked about this to any one. I have never spoken your name since that day, except to tell Alice that your ways were no longer to be our ways. First, I wish to ask your pardon, and now I have a favor to ask of you. We people in the county have obtained a controlling interest in the *Intelligencer*, and we want you to take hold of it." Van Vliet, although a moment before he had seemed but a shadow, talked ahead at lightning pace. Vickers never interrupted him, and when in conclusion he said, "Will you show that you have forgiven me by doing as I ask," Vickers said "Yes" purely from a dread of saying anything else. Just then Dr. Van Norden came in and Vickers left the room. An hour or so later the physician found Vickers and Alice on the front porch and announced that the patient had not shown so many favorable signs for months. He said that he believed a crisis in the malady had come and that he would be able to tell more in the morning.

The bulletins from the sick-room continued to be favorable, but Vickers fearing that he might be needed prolonged his visit. Late one evening the eldest son of the DePeyster family rode up to the front door, and an

nounced excitedly that Porter and his associates had been arrested, and that a favorable decision from the Supreme Court was an assured thing. A great many things that were to be settled "after the vote" between Alice and Vickers were then discussed, and

settled, and in after years Harold Vickers was never sorry for the part he played in the "railroad franchise fight," as through that conflict he preserved to his children a home which had belonged to their ancestors for over two hundred years.

TO A CIGARETTE.

BLEST friend of solace, equally enjoyed
By tired student, burning midnight oil,
And by those, ceasing from their daily toil,
The business man, who seeks rest unalloyed,
And sweet oblivion of his daily cares.
As yet the dreamer in his idlest mood,
Who finds within thy melting smoke, the food
For thoughts much lighter than light summer airs.
Each one of these thy fascination shares,
By each thy gentle aid is wooed
To banish thought of how the hard world fares,
And all those haunting fears, that will on rest
Blest weed, thy gentle, soothing joy divine | intrude.
Is better far than that of mellow wine.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"**M**Y daughter," and his voice was stern;
"You must set this matter right:
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great.
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
And her dimples deeper grew,
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is *two*."

COLLEGE NOTES.

—The University of Wisconsin has ten debating societies.

—The next issue of the *Brunonian* will adopt the new feature of illustration.

—The University of Michigan has formed a permanent summer school to begin July 8.

—The undergraduate course at Johns Hopkins is to be extended from three to four years.

—Last year Cornell expended about \$500,000, only \$100,000 of which came from the fees of the students.

—Brown is the first American College to offer courses in the Dutch language and literature.

—The expenses for "Prom. week" at Yale are estimated at \$89.00. With this sum a young man can "do" Prom. week with a young lady and her chaperon.

—The faculty of the University of Michigan will offer a prize for general excellence in athletics. It is to be in the form of a trophy, which will become the personal property of the winner.

—Prizes amounting to \$1,890 are offered this year by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard.

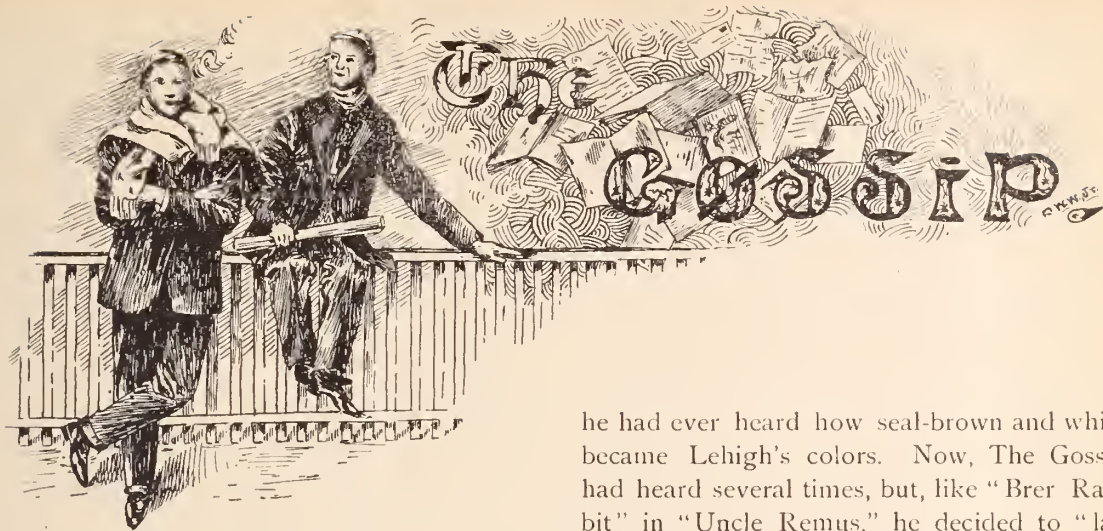
—Bicycle races may be eliminated from the program of the Mott Haven games. A college cycling league is proposed instead.

—The Harvard lacrosse team has received challenges from McGill University, Canada, Crescent Athletic Club, and Cornell.

—At a recent mass-meeting of the freshman class of Columbia College, it was decided to organize a permanent freshman base-ball team.

—Trouble between the faculty and students exists in the University of Toronto. The *Varsity*, the weekly paper, has been suppressed for commenting somewhat severely upon a certain action of the authorities.

—A large picture, containing photographs of the Yale, Harvard, and Princeton base-ball teams of last year, together with the individual pictures of the Yale players, has recently been placed in the trophy room at Yale.



ONE morning, last Summer, while The Gossip was home, he got up in time to eat breakfast with the rest of the family. This was unprecedented, and would never have happened had not his cousin, with the characteristic fun-loving propensities of her sex, sat down at the piano, about half an hour before breakfast, and awoke The Gossip with the loud strains of:

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?" etc.

and,

"Awake my soul, stretch every nerve," etc.

Now, The Gossip was weary, languid, and sore distrest, at hearing such music at this early hour, and he blankety blank blanked it through his entire vocabulary, then turned over and blankety-blank-blanked it, 'till his soul was awake; and every nerve was stretched.

He ate breakfast, forgave his cousin after a good deal of persuasion, then strolled down to the club to read the papers, and watch the girls on their way shopping.

There were several guests at the club, and one of them, seeing The Gossip's Lehigh pin, informed The Gossip that he was one of Lehigh's Alumni of the class of 'Eighty—. The Gossip and he of course began to talk Lehigh. The Alumnus told several incidents of his college days, and asked The Gossip whether

he had ever heard how seal-brown and white became Lehigh's colors. Now, The Gossip had heard several times, but, like "Brer Rabbit" in "Uncle Remus," he decided to "lay low" and perhaps he'd hear another version; so, despite the fact, that the blood of George Washington ran in his veins, he said "no," and the Alumnus began.

"It was during my Junior year, that a college meeting was called, to consider a change of colors for Lehigh, and a committee was appointed from the four classes to choose the most suitable ones. I was on that committee, and the task before us was a difficult one. We wanted a color or combination of colors, which would never grow old, yet be different, if possible, from those of any other college.

"The committee met from time to time, they discussed, and tried combination after combination, but could never reach a decision. At last they decided to go over to Bethlehem, and end the matter without further discussion by making a choice.

"There was that year a Miss —, of Reading, at the Moravian Female Seminary. The day was rainy and windy, and, as you know, the crossing at the Lehigh Valley Railroad depot is a delightfully muddy place in wet weather. Just as we got to the depot she was crossing, daintily holding her skirts out of the mud. She was a very pretty girl, and naturally, all of us were watching her. A little puddle of water lay before her, and as she stepped over it, a narrow band of white against

a seal-brown stocking, appeared for an instant, then the curtain fell.

"We exchanged glances, each one knew what was in the minds of the others, and there, in the wind and rain, seal brown and white became Lehigh's colors." * * * *

The Gossip hopes that those who have heard this incident before will forbear to ring their chestnut bells. He told it, as it was told him, for the benefit of some of the underclassmen who, perhaps, have not heard it before.

* * *

The Gossip often sits on the fence in front of the bleachers, watching the teams practice, and gnashing his teeth, because he wasn't born an athlete. He admires a good pair of shoulders, or a well-shaped calf, and likes to see them turned to good use for the welfare of the University.

From his seat on the fence, The Gossip observes two types of students, for whom he has a hearty contempt. The one is the well-built man, who could easily get a place on a team, if only he would exert himself; and the other is the man, who stands by the practice games, and guys the energetic, though perhaps somewhat awkward fellow, who is making really commendable efforts in some sport or other. The Gossip recognizes in the second,

a true enemy to the athletics of the College. Embryo athletes have few enough incentives, and receive little enough encouragement at Lehigh, to be further hampered by anything of this kind.

* * *

The Gossip is very glad to see that twenty-five cent base-ball is being tried by the management of the team. The cry has always arisen, especially from the town people, that fifty cents is entirely too much to pay for a college game of ball, when they can see professional teams play for less money. Our games have been poorly patronized by the local lovers of the sport for this reason only, and not because they are uninteresting. A large crowd always helps the home team to win. Its very presence seems to inspire the men to good work. Other teams usually have this advantage when we are the visitors, and why should we not encourage the town-people to come, and help us cheer our team on to victory when playing at home? Of course, the question, as to the relative gate receipts of the old and the new price, is only to be settled by actual experiment; and, as the expenses require that the maximum amount of money shall be derived from each game; the new scheme can only be permanent, if it is at least equal to the old in its financial aspect.



- April 1. Agora meeting.
- April 5. Banquet of Engineering Society. Committee: Philips, '95; Kappella, '95; Ferris, '95; Davenport, '96; and Taylor, '96.
- April 6. Base ball. Columbia vs. Lehigh; score, 21-12, favor of Lehigh.
- April 8. Agora meeting.
- April 9. Electrical Engineering Society. Chemical Society.

- April 10. Easter holidays commence at 5 P.M. Base-ball; Georgetown University vs. Lehigh; score 14-5, favor of Georgetown University.
- April 11. Base-ball; University of Virginia vs. Lehigh, at Charlottesville; score 9-14, favor of University of Virginia.
- April 12. Base-ball; Trinity vs. Lehigh, at Durham, North Carolina; score, 9-7, favor of Lehigh.
- April 13. Base-ball; University of North Carolina vs. Lehigh, at Chapel Hill; score 2-1, favor of University of North Carolina.
- April 15. Base-ball; University of North Carolina vs. Lehigh, at Greensboro; score 6-3, favor of University of North Carolina.
- April 16. Easter vacation ends at 8.15 A.M.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN glancing over the exchanges, we frequently notice evidences of a kind of straining after originality. It would seem as though many young writers are under the impression that a short story, to be original, must treat of some entirely new situation; something out of the common rut, and unknown to previous experience; something which will almost shock or stun the reader at first sight.

We think there is a wide misconception of what the term "original" means, as applied to such compositions. To be original, a writer does not necessarily need to depict a scene or character entirely different from anything ever before sketched. When this is attempted, the result is almost sure to be improbable, and absurdly untrue to life. But, he may picture a fundamentally old scene or character, in a new way, with new and differently colored lights, as it were. And, if these lights are well handled, and spots formerly dark are made bright, and new shadows are cast, we would consider it a proof of originality.

The search after this false originality, now-a-days, generally extends along the tragedy line. Consequently we have numerous harrowing "terrible" yarns, in which the "agony"

is heaped up from start to finish. Very frequently there is a large call on the pathetic too, with many railings at Fate, so-called, and almost all the endings are in disappointment or death.

The subjects chosen are from all walks of life, and are of all ages and sexes. The "little child" has lately been a fertile one, from which to work up the pathos and tragedy. Hence, the minds of many readers have been worried with details of misery, or misfortune and unhappiness among children. In general, however, we think, this introduction of children into recent fiction, has resulted either in funny attempts at being tragic, or tragic attempts at being funny; and the worry, when there has been any, has always proved unnecessary. This has been particularly true of college fiction.

We would, therefore, recommend young writers not to seek so much after originality in the theme, as after originality in the treatment of the theme. We think a perusal of the best recent American and Foreign literature, of the class that has been referred to, will prove that the old lines are about the best; and, that in most cases, it is along them, that the author's power and imagination are best shown.

RESOLUTIONS.

AT the regular meeting of the Philadelphia Lehigh Club, held at the rooms of the University Club, Philadelphia, April 11, 1895, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, since the last meeting of the Club, the death has occurred of Henry Coppée, LL.D., the first President of the University, and who, as President and Professor, has been identified with the University, since its establishment; and has known and endeared himself to every son of Lehigh,

Resolved, that the members of this Club, hereby, tender their tribute of love and affectionate regard for him, who ever had at heart the best interests of the University and her students, and who devoted his best

years to her and their service. In his life, he was universally respected and loved; in his death, he is mourned and his memory revered by all, who had the privilege of his friendship, and the advantage of his instruction and guidance.

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to his family, and published in THE LEHIGH BURR and *The Brown & White*.

THE PHILADELPHIA LEHIGH CLUB,

H. A. BONZANO, President,

SAMUEL E. BERGER, Secretary.

CASPAR VISTAR HAINES,
SAMUEL E. BERGER,
FRANK P. HOWE,

Committee.

Lent is nearly over now,
 Penance days will soon be past.
 Then we'll stop our fasting,
 And be a little fast. — *Vale Record.*

That history repeats itself,
 A proverb claims, I've heard,
 But when in class I'm called upon,
 It never says a word. — *Williams Weekly.*

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?

His strong right arm embraced her
 Perhaps a bit too tight,
 A soft weak wail—"bone broken"
 Escaped her lips so white.
 Her sister's whispered question
 At once divined the cause,
 For to her words the maid replied,
 "Why, yes, of corset was."

—*Williams Weekly.*

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